

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

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210, Regent-street, W., March 1, 1858. STANLEY LUCAS, Hon. Secretary.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT, the celebrated American Vocalist, Composer, Imitator, and Elocutionist, will make his First Appearance in London, on Monday Evening next, March 8th, 1858, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, in his NEW and ORIGINAL ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at half-past Seven; to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Admission, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; which may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, and at the doors.

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STEPHEN MASSETT'S SONGS,

AS SUNG BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS ENTERTAINMENT.

"WHEN THE MOON ON THE LAKE IS BEAMING."

When the moon on the lake is beaming,
And the night is calm and still,
And the stars in their bright light gleaming,
Shine forth on some distant hill—
Wilt thou come, love, come?
Oh, come with me,
And I'll give thee a happy home,
Where a true heart waits for thee!

When the vesper bells are ringing
Their evening melody,
Or maidens sweet are singing
Their simple minstrelsy—
Wilt thou come, love, come?
Oh, come with me,
And I'll give thee a happy home,
Where a true heart waits for thee!

"I REMEMBER THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN."

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came creeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Or brought too long a day,
Yet now I almost wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilac where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
I thought the air would rush as fresh,
To swallows on the wing!
My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools will hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high—
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky!
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!

"A SABBATH SCENE."

An old man leaned on his friendly staff,
With tottering steps and slow,
As he picked his way, of a Sunday morn,
To the church where he loved to go.

His hair was white, and he scarcely knew
A friend as he passed him by;
So feeble and frail was his memory now,
And so dim was his clouded eye.

He sat in a home-made chair at church,
In front of the preacher's stand,
And listened, as if, in a pleasant dream,
To the words of a better land.

The sunlight fell on his silver locks,
And his white hair turned to gold,
And I fancied a sunlight shone from heav'n,
On the heart of that pilgrim old.

But the autumn leaves have fall'n now,
And the old man sleeps below,
We shall never see him pass again
With tottering steps and slow.

"IT IS NOT AS IT USED TO BE."

It is not as it used to be,
When you and I were young,
When round each elm and maple tree
The honeysuckles clung.
But still I love the cottage,
Where I passed my early years;
Though not a single face is there
That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be—
The voices loved of yore,
The forms that we were wont to see,
We see and hear no more,
No more, alas! we look in vain
For those to whom we clung and loved,
As we can love but once,
When you and I were young.

"I'LL LOOK FOR THEE, MARY."

I'll look for thee, Mary, when the pale moon hath shed
Her soft silver beam o'er the hill-top and dell;
For full well I know—by thy thoughts I've oft read—
That thy casement will open at love's magic spell.
My Mary, my Mary, I'll watch at that hour,
For silence and beauty will hallow the scene,
And then in thine ear, impassioned I'll pour,
Vows constant as Heav'n's own unchanging sheen.

Nor will I forget thee, my own Mary dear,
If the night be all moonless, and starless the sky:
For full well I know that love's list'ning ear,
Will tell thy fond heart that thy lover is nigh.
Tho' darkness may veil thy fair face from me,
Its image for ever illumines my heart,
And whispers of love will tell truthfully,
My Mary, my Mary, we'll meet ne'er to part.

"I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN."

I would not have thee young again,
Since I myself am old,
Not that my youth was ever vain,
Or that my age is cold.
But when upon thy gentle face
I see the shades of time,
A thousand memories replace
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue
Some light hath passed away,
Love looketh forth as warm and true
As on our bridal day.
I hear thy song, and tho' in part,
'Tis fainter in its tone,
I heed it not, for still thy heart
Is singing to mine own.

PRESUMED PLAGIARISMS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—When I stated last week that the melody which Mr. Balfe has imitated so successfully was taken from Hérold's opera of the *Pré aux Clercs*, I supposed you were aware that the composer of that charming work died in the year 1832—about fourteen years before the appearance of the *Bohemian Girl*. Hérold's death was accelerated (as was said at the time) by over fatigue from superintending the rehearsals of this opera, and by vexation of mind caused by the cabals of the *Bohemians* of that day.

To attack music so trifling and ephemeral as that of the *Bohemian Girl*, is like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. It must, however, be borne in mind that the works of Mr. Balfe are brought prominently forward, while the compositions of many gifted, conscientious, and laborious artists—more deserving of the name—are studiously kept in the back-ground. It therefore becomes necessary to inquire what are his claims to be so preferred.

I enclose two more elegant extracts,* in the hope that you may find space to insert them in your next number.

Your obedient servant, JUSTUS.

["Justus" evidently does not understand irony. We know, perhaps, as much about the *Pré aux Clercs* as himself, and can add to his information (so kindly proffered) that Hérold's last opera was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1835, or thereabouts, under the title of *The Challenge*. Hérold did not die in consequence of the reasons alleged by "Justus:" other causes destroyed his health, and shortened the term of his existence, which it would be out of place to mention here. We should like to know, by the way, who are the "gifted, conscientious, and laborious artists" that are "studiously kept in the back-ground," on Mr. Balfe's account?—Ed.]

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—It appears that the verses lately written in Prussia in honour of the royal nuptials were set to a national tune very much like our National Anthem. Are not these tunes the same? or is the composer of the former known?

Little further is known of Dr. John Bull, the composer of "God Save the King," after he left England in 1613 than that he went to the Netherlands. Even the place of his decease is not known. Hawkins' history says he died at Hamburg or Lubeck. Is it not probable he travelled over the continent, as he had done before, and made his music known there? Now, perhaps, Mr. Editor, some of your foreign correspondents can throw light on this subject, which would be peculiarly interesting now the two nations are drawn so closely into alliance.

Belfast, Feb. 26th, 1858.

I am yours, etc.,
GEORGE B. ALLEN.

[The tunes of the British and Prussian National Anthems are identical.—Ed.]

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

GIESSEN OR NONE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—If Mr. Fowle had taken a few lessons on Harmony from one of the junior students at the Royal Academy of Music, or any advanced cathedral choir-boy, instead of writing "an essay on thorough bass—a practical one of twenty-two folio pages in length," for the University of Giessen, I must admit he would have saved himself the unenviable position into which he has rushed, by endeavouring to assume that *status* in musical society which he has not the innate merit to command.

Mr. Fowle has stated what he knows to be a positive untruth, namely, that musical degrees can be, or ever have been, bought at either of our universities.

It will be apparent to any of your readers, that Mr. Fowle, in trying to exculpate his "fifths," "octaves," and other enormities of an im-

perfect musical education, abuses the English universities in the most uncalculated manner; in fact, I begin to suspect that something like a disappointed candidate is thus venting his spleen.

I fancy the "extra-official document for musical merit" was awarded solely for that prodigious inspiration, "England's Prayer." If this is the case, I would advise the composer to send without delay the companion piece to it, "The Hymn of all Nations," in order that the learned men of Giessen may have in fond remembrance the genius which they have just acknowledged in such a handsome manner.

Believe me ever to be, Mr. Editor,

Yours very truly,
OBOR.

March 2nd, 1858.

MR. H. W. A. W. G. F. BEALE IN RE HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir

In your number of this day you introduce a remark in your rhapsodical critique on Clementi's "Dilone Abandonnata," (a piece of twaddle by the way, that should have been shelved long ago, or better still, have found its way to the back of the fire before it fell into the hands of the publisher,) to the effect that "modern Wolfgang Amadeüs 'de'" to which remark you append the following note "or their equally silly advocates &c" now as I presume that this is meant to apply to me, I should feel obliged if you will kindly acquaint the public with any act or acts of mine which entitle me to the epithet "silly," perhaps you consider that it was silly of me to publish a certain "Pensée Fugitive", because it happens to contain two or three harmonic combinations which soar a little above the limited comprehension of your talented!! critic, who when he sits down to pen his critiques, evidently gets lost in a mental fog, and classes a certain person with certain other persons, without so much as dreaming that he is doing so, and then accuses his readers of misunderstanding him!, upon my word I should like to know what he really does mean. And now Mr. Editor as you have been graciously pleased to drag my name before the public in several editorial remarks, perhaps you will not take it amiss if I give you a word or two of advice, do not be too anxious to annihilate the *music of the future*, believe me Liszt and Wagner are more than a match for the "Musical World," and your violent and ridiculous philippics against them only serve to fill the minds of all *real* musicians with a feeling of the most profound contempt and scorn for their author.

You may publish this letter or not as you think fit, and I give you full liberty to make any comments on it, or me, for your praise or blame are alike despicable, and never yet exalted or degraded any one

I am Sir

Yours obediently

HENRY W A BEALE.

7 Inkermann Terrace

Kensington (W) Feb 27, 1858.

[We have no "comments" to make, either on the letter of Mr. H. W. A. W. G. F. Beale, or upon himself. We leave such of our readers as may belong to the "School of the Future"—trusting their number may not be considerable—to judge what a fine bargain the cause of the *Zukunft* has obtained in such an advocate. At the same time we may be allowed to offer up prayers for the late Clementi, whose greatest work, according to our many-initialed correspondent, "should have found its way to the back of the fire before it fell into the hands of the publisher"—a proposition, by the way, as difficult to understand as the music and the epistolary style of Mr. H. W. A. W. G. F. Beale. Meantime, we have not dismissed our reviewer.—Ed. M. W.]

LIVERPOOL.—At the last last Saturday evening concert, the artists were Signora Fumagalli, Signor di Giorgi, Signor A. Vianesi, and Mr. Charles Braham. The programme consisted chiefly of Italian music. Signora Fumagalli displayed great energy, taste, and expression. Signor di Giorgi was loudly encoored in several of his songs. Mr. Charles Braham received the most enthusiastic applause—the style of his father being easily recognised by many of the audience. He sang "The Rover's bride" with fine feeling, and in answer to an encore, substituted a new recitative song in memory of Havelock, which was warmly applauded. The "Death of Nelson" and the "Bay of Biscay" were the songs of the evening. The enthusiasm of the audience recalled the *furor* created by the elder Braham in these national songs.—*Liverpool Mail*.

* See leading article.—Ed.

M. FETIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 142)

ANOTHER advantage of the highest importance in the present state of things would be, that among the hundred and eighty chorister children brought up in the fifteen archiepiscopal chapels those who recovered a good quality of voice after the period of breaking would become good singers and excellent musicians, having been well trained in childhood, and would thus make up the deplorable lack of voices and skilful vocalists so generally experienced, and to which no other plan can put a stop.

The school of organists, so poor in France, would not be long ere it improved so soon as a suitable remuneration were offered for this species of talent, which, in this country, has never been appreciated as it deserved. A few men of merit have, in Paris, commenced opening the new path; the art of playing the pedal key-board is as yet new there; constant efforts must be devoted to bringing it to perfection, and the fingering of the organ, very different from that of the piano, must be made an object of peculiar study. The works of Sebastian Bach must become the constant study of young organists. Not that I wish to limit the organist's talents to the execution of fugues, for no portion of the art should ever become a mere formula. A field is open to the organist, as to all other artists, for the discovery of the new and unforeseen, provided he never lose sight of the fact that religious character is a necessary attribute of the instrument he performs on. The pursuit of effects of sound, which too frequently becomes the principal aim of French organists, should only be an accessory resource, temperately employed. I entertain a conviction that there is something new, grand, and original, yet to be achieved in organ music, without falling into what pretakes of a worldly character, or borrowing dramatic effects. A glorious renown awaits the artist who shall succeed in solving the problem.

I have set down for all the artists composing a chapel, organised in the manner I have explained, salaries which may probably appear extremely high. But this condition is one absolutely necessary to render these places worthy the ambition of the most distinguished artists. To attain the desired end, admission to them should be the result of extremely severe examination, of an eagerly maintained competition. The laureate of the institute is invited to fill the place of master in any vacant chapel, but not as a matter of privilege. To obtain it he must exhibit an incontestable superiority over his rivals. The subjects on which the candidates should be invited to compete are the composition of an important piece in the sacred style, and the direction of the execution of some work by a great master. For the best of composition, a psalm, the words of which should be set forth, might be required, or a motet on a given text, a magnificent, some portion of a mass, or a Te Deum. A sufficient time should be granted, that the candidates may write their compositions with care. The manuscripts should be given in on a day fixed, according to the usual forms in competitions. The jury should conduct their examination by a method of exclusion, for it is beyond a doubt that among the great number of works sent in, many will show forth the incapacity of their answers. The best works being selected, a second best should be imposed, namely, that of execution, and in order to this, the composers would be invited to declare themselves, and would themselves direct the study and execution of their works. I will state in another article by what improvements in the system of study artists may be formed capable of writing good works in this style, wherein, without having recourse to the colour derived from instrumentation, means must be found to interest by the character of the ideas, the purity of the style, and the beauty of the form.

We must not persuade ourselves that good voices, associated with the qualities of skilful readers, will be found all at once for the formation of sufficient choirs in the fifteen archiepiscopal cathedrals I have mentioned. I am proposing means for the regeneration of music of every style. If the ruling authorities should adopt the idea, complete results can only be produced in course of time and through the entire devotion of chapel masters to the art, nor will it be enough that these should possess all

the qualities of distinguished artists, but they must be endowed with the energy of soul and the will to attain the end aimed at. Their own reputations, the successful effect of their works, and the future destinies of music, will be at stake. I am willing to believe, therefore, that they will answer to the call which is made on them. The early results will be feeble, and cost much toil, as in all undertakings; but having sufficient to live at ease, the chapel masters, entirely absorbed in the duties of their position, will hasten the rate of progress by constant studies, whether of a partial or collective character. The best elements of the future would no doubt spring from the school of chorister children, which can only be the work of time; but after ten years of the existence of chapel masterships, the whole face of things would have changed, and there would be a superabundance of means.

I have said nothing of literary instruction and of the geographical and historical knowledge which the young choristers would require to be something more than mere choristers, as I have supposed that the necessary resources for supplying their instruction would be found in the seminaries.

The expense of organising a chapel on the basis I have just pointed out would be in round numbers thirty-three thousand francs (£1,320). Multiplying this by fifteen, we have four hundred and ninety-five thousand francs (£19,800) for all the chapels of the archbishoprics. Let it not be forgotten, however, that not only is the regeneration of church music in question one of the most important departments of music, but also the moral influence it is to exercise over the nation. The grants in aid of the large theatres of the capital are more than thrice this amount; certainly I am not disposed to censure this expenditure, though I think it ill employed under the existing system, and the result is far from being the splendour of dramatic music; but I cannot admit that religious music and the solid basis I propose to give it are not of equal importance. Moreover—and this is a point worthy of attention—there is no doubt that if masterships of cathedrals were established according to the plan I propose, thence would come the vocal resources which are now wanting, and which are vainly looked for from the ordinary means of education. It should not be forgotten that the admirable voices of opera singers were formerly supplied by the cathedral chapels, and, moreover, these singers were excellent musicians. Among these were Jeliotte, Legros, Charding, Rousseau, Chéron, and Lays, who were sufficient to supply the needs of the opera for a space of nearly seventy years.

FÉTIS, Senior.

MANCHESTER.—Though the inclement weather reduced last night the usual numbers who are in the habit of attending the Monday Evening Concerts, the concert was one of the most gratifying of the season, the encores being more numerous than we remember on any similar occasion. The vocalists were Signora Fumagalli, Signor Giorgi, Mr. Charles Braham, and Mr. Theodore Distin, who also played a couple of solos on the flugel horn. Signora Fumagalli took the audience quite by surprise. She possesses a silvery, penetrating soprano, of extensive range, reaching D in alt with facility, and in perfect tune; whilst her execution is of the most brilliant character. There was an expression, and even an imagination, in what she sang, which seemed to touch the audience, calling forth a continued peal of applause whenever she appeared. Signora Fumagalli made a decided hit, and we hope to hear her again at these concerts before the close of the season. Signor Giorgi has a fine baritone voice, and sings like a musician; he also met with a most flattering reception and the most genuine of encores. Mr. Charles Braham did not fail to win his usual success, particularly in a new song of his own composition, entitled "Havelock," set to cleverly written verses. He also pleased the people by that good old favourite ballad, "Sally in our alley." A duet on harp and concertina, by Messrs. Lockwood and Henry Walker, and some pianoforte playing by Signor Vianesi (the accompanist), who, with the left hand alone, executed some brilliant variations, completed the programme.—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

MICHAEL VON GLINKA AND MUSIC IN
RUSSIA.*

(Continued from page 118.)

WHEN I said, at the conclusion of my first article, that we must not expect in Glinka's music the dramatic effects of Italian, French, or German opera, the assertion was, with respect to these three varieties, properly speaking, an anachronism. Now-a-days, there is, in reality, no longer an Italian, French, or German opera. Italy no longer laughs at "French howling," for singers howl in Vienna, Rome, and Naples, just as they do in Paris. Rugged German harmony, as it was once called, is now popular in Italy; nay, the Italians do not even start back in affright at the barbarous want of harmony distinguishing the School of the Future. Even the horror felt by the old Italians at the employment of a large number of instruments in their scanty orchestras has changed into an unreasonable love of noise. The French, at present, on the contrary, allow the progressive action of a drama to be interrupted by an air which is sung merely for the sake of singing, or, to speak more correctly, which is played on the voice, as it formerly would have been played on the flute, while they permit the art of singing, that is the art of exhibiting a proper *embouchure*, of phrasing, of managing the breath, and of pronouncing plainly, to be forgotten.

We have no longer aught to do with what was formerly called the Italian, French, or German method. Method only exists at present for the sake of appearances; our music has become cosmopolitan, and, more or less, socialistic. Everywhere are the same things sung; everywhere do singers shriek, till they make our ears ache, and everywhere, under the names of "Introduction," "Concerted Piece," and "Finale," do people produce the same noise by the same means. The present generation, in music as well as in political and social life, has fallen a victim to the sway of a nervous paroxysm; the few who have remained faithful to the cultivation of true art, are not sufficiently numerous and strong to oppose a dam to the errors of the many.

In this state of things, it is a difficult task for most men, even for artists, rightly to appreciate such compositions as those which Glinka produced, for he did not consider himself bound down to the traditional forms of operatic music; to anything which is now considered necessary to produce an effect, or to the requirements of dramatic action.

I will endeavour to give a short analysis of his opera *Life for the Czar*.

Even in the introduction we feel ourselves transported into a completely unknown musical region. The text begins with something like the following words: "When the heavens become stormy, the falcon rises above the clouds; when a storm breaks upon Russia, the Russian sings his national songs. Never have I feared death; I am ready to lay down my life for the Czar." These words are sung by a male chorus without accompaniment; the chorus is only interrupted, from time to time, by violoncellos, viols, and double-basses. Then begins a solo, also without accompaniment. The melody is a national song of eight bars: then comes the chorus, now in three, now in two, and lastly in four parts, followed by the *ritornello* for the violoncellos. This is repeated three times in exactly the same manner, without the slightest change in the harmony, or the least addition to the voices or instruments.

After the third strophe, the basses modulate from G to F. The wind instruments now join in with the melody of a national dance, at the end of which they modulate back again to F, and the motive of the chorus recommences in the minor, first with a solo voice, and then with the male chorus, all once more without accompaniment. Instead of the basses, the wind instruments now give utterance to the *ritornello*, constructed from national melodies harmonised in an original fashion. The *ritornello* serves to introduce another national melody, sung by a female chorus, accompanied by horns and oboes, and interrupted by flutes, which leads us back again to the first male chorus, the motive of which is taken up by the basses. The female voices

then join in with their own chorus. Gradually all the voices unite; the motives are developed with modulations, and, after these have returned to the principal key, the first theme is treated like a fugue with the second as its counter subject. The voices stop in turns, and the orchestra gradually comes in, the whole mass of sound attaining its greatest height in one homophonous syllabic song. The last chord of the chorus is followed by a long *coda*—*pianissimo*, in which the motive of the first chorus is employed, and this forms the introduction to a cavatina and rondo of Antonida, one of the four principal personages in the opera.

Let the reader imagine this introduction at a theatre in Paris! Not only would it not produce any effect, but we are justified in believing it would weary a public whose national feelings were not roused by the Russian national melodies, in which they would only find too many repetitions, while the contrapuntal skill exhibited would not interest but tire them. Yet the conception and execution of the piece are extraordinarily original; no model for it was to be found in operatic music; the local colouring is everywhere predominant, and the connoisseur discovers in it the hand of an intelligent and æsthetically accomplished master.

In the cavatina which follows, the solo part again commences. The key oscillates between F minor and A flat major, the period always concluding in the key we least expect. The motive of the rondo in A flat is pleasing and clear; but it concludes three times in E flat, and only on its fourth return in A flat. The strange manner of deceiving expectation in the final cadence pervades the entire opera, and produces a very strange effect.

The two following pieces, which are rather long, belong so little to any kind of our own operatic music, that it is difficult to give an exact description of them. On the stage there are three choruses: a chorus of male peasants, another of sailors, and a third mixed one of women and men. These choruses come forward as actual personages, and converse with Sussanin and her daughter Antonida. Here, too, Glinka introduces imitations in the solo parts and in the orchestra, for a love of contrapuntal forms is one of the peculiarities of his talent. After this, we hear, at a distance, a national song, in unison, accompanied, also in unison, by a clarinet. The phrases of the song are interrupted by pauses, by the personages on the stage, or by *ritornellos*, *pianissimo*, in the orchestra. At last, the chorus of singers (the fourth in the scene) enter. At their head are musicians playing the Balalaika (a kind of guitar). The national song assumes a more decided character, while the stringed instruments in the orchestra accompany *pizzicato*, all the choruses and the entire orchestra uniting, at last, in a general *forte*.

The next scene contains recitative, some smaller *arioso* passages, and a trio for soprano, tenor and bass, in B minor, of a rather ordinary character, but well written. The chorus, also, here plays its part.

The fifth piece is a grand, magnificently scored Polonaise, truly national in its character. It introduces some ballet music, the first piece of which is a long Krakowiak, worked out at length, and full of spirit and fire. A pleasing Mazurka is interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, and the exclamation of the chorus: "What is the matter?" It is not until now that the action of the piece really commences. After the story of the messenger, the chorus resumes the rhythm of the Mazurka. The composer again neglects the action, and works out, in his own way, a long chorus in *tempo moderato*. This chorus, which is nothing more than a pure piece of vocal music, without the least connection with dramatic action, constitutes the finale of the first act! Such a thing would be impossible in any but a Russian theatre.

The second act contains a pretty song (2-4 time, the first movement in a rhythm of three, and the other of four bars), then a duet for alto and bass, also with final cadences in other keys, a practice which, at last, becomes monotonous and fatiguing; although occasionally it appears effective.

We have now a chorus for male voices ("To work in the Forest!"), in which the composer has given the reins to his partiality for imitations, compact form, and elaborate work in the orchestral accompaniment. The piece is well worked out, but

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

much too long. The action, which, as a general rule advances so slowly, again ceases altogether. The same must be said of a quartet, concluding with a prayer for the Czar. This quartet, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, begins with a short 4-4 tempo, followed by an *andante quasi allegretto* in 3-8 time, the theme of which forms a movement of seven bars, and concludes in the minor of the corresponding major key. The composer here abuses his favourite modulation in the most striking way, for the tenor sings the same movement three times in the same manner, after which the four voices take up the part in canonic imitation, always with the same modulation. The prayer offers nothing remarkable, but the following *allegro* is marked by a lively rhythm and energy, though, in the *ensemble*, we have the imitations over again.

The scene, with chorus, which follows, is one of the most dramatic of the work. The principal personages engage in musical dialogue; the verbal expression is deficient in truth, as a general rule, declamatory song and recitative being the weak side of Glinka's talent. The subject is Antonida's marriage. The day for the festivity has been named before anything is known of the inroad of the Poles, and the misfortune of the Czar and the whole country. The guests arrive to the sounds of the Polonaise; with great difficulty Antonida's parents succeed in stopping these sounds, which come from the enemy. They communicate the melancholy news, and it is necessary to put off the festivity. A song of lament for the Czar's misfortune is very beautiful. This is followed by repetitions of the choral motives from the introduction, and from the *finale* of the first act, Mazurka and chorus, which motives, however, are spun out and laboured far too much—especially for the point which the action has reached.

The fifth piece is a pretty chorus of female voices, in five part time, a tender song with a chorus of young maidens then introduces and merges into the *finale* of the second act.

In the *finale* to the second act, Glinka remains true to his adopted system; national songs predominate here again. It contains vocal dialogue between Antonida, her future husband, and the chorus, without any determined key, or any *arioso* or recitative. Then comes a duet (*larghetto* in A minor), interrupted and continued by choruses partly of male and partly of female voices, and sometimes of all together.

In the introduction of the third act, we again have the usual *finales* and modulations of the minor keys into the major, and of the major keys into the minor, which at last becomes very monotonous. A tenor air of the bridegroom (Sobinin by name) is more developed and regular in form than any of the other airs in the opera; the rhythm of the theme is original, the first half of the period having six, and the second only three, bars. This is followed by a grand air for the alto (Wanja) and chorus, one of the best pieces in the work as far as form is concerned, but both in the recitative—if we may so call it—and in the *andante moderato*, not free from some strange points, especially in regard to periodical rhythms. The more lively final movement and chorus is very energetic and effective.

FÉTIS.

After this interesting analysis of Glinka's principal work, M. Fétis enters also into a detailed account of the second opera: *Ruslan and Ludmilla*. This is a fairy opera, the subject of which is taken from a poem, by Puschkin. According to Fétis, the music is not so national in its character as that of the first opera, and the chorus does not play so important a part; but we have here again, in various places, national melodies, not only Russian, but Finnish, Crim-Tartar, and even Persian, as well as rhythmical eccentricities, such, for instance, as five-part bars, &c. Some of the pieces, such as the *finale* of the first act, are considered by Fétis superior to anything in the former opera. On the whole, however, the music of this fairy opera appears to be wanting in unity of character, much of it being said to resemble the style of Rossini and Meyerbeer. There is one thing certain, and that is, that in Russia itself—according to a communication on Glinka, forwarded us from St. Petersburg, by H. B. von Engelhardt, whose intimate friend he was—the opera was given with great magnificence at the theatres of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and was at first extremely successful, but was far from obtaining the popularity of

Life for the Czar, which was played several hundred times, and still appears in the bills every year.

With regard to the national melodies in the last-named opera, M. Fétis—if we lay any weight on an opinion of Oulibischeff (who died on the 5th February at Nischnei Nowgorod) about Glinka—appears to be in error when he supposes all these songs to be Russian, and fails to observe the contrast between those which are Russian and those which are Polish. The passage of Oulibischeff's work (*Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs*) to which we refer, page 34, runs thus:—

"In this work (*Life for the Czar*) the question was not merely to combine dramatic with national song, as Weber has done in *Der Freischütz*, without blending the one in the other, but to characterise two nationalities by preserving, from beginning to end, even in the most moving tragic situations, the Russian and Polish colour of the melodies. This is something which, at the time I wrote my biography of Mozart, I considered impossible, and yet Glinka has accomplished it—his talent and success being the more extraordinary, as there were no models to guide him in any one point."

Since Oulibischeff, as a Russian, is, in this case, the more reliable authority of the two, because the difference between the Slavonic melodies of the Poles and Russians can be scarcely perceptible to a foreigner, we must believe his assertion concerning the essential peculiarity of Glinka's music in the above opera, and this will lessen our astonishment at the great mass of national melodies (in the analysis of M. Fétis), since they represent two different and hostile nations, and, therefore, do not appear so monotonous to the initiated as to those persons who are unacquainted with them.

Besides these two operas, Glinka—according to Herr von Engelhardt's communication—has written "music for the tragedy, *Prince Kholmisky*, namely, an overture, pieces to be played between the acts and songs; *La Tarantella*, a prologue, with chorus and declamation; a great many orchestral pieces, with and without chorus; about seventy songs and romances; a quartet for stringed instruments, and a number of pieces both for piano alone and with other instruments. In his weak state of health, he was, at any rate, productive enough. He played the piano very well, and extemporised admirably. He distinguished himself as a singer, also. He possessed a fine strong tenor, and sang songs in an incomparably fine style.

"He spent the last few months of his life in Berlin, where he died on the 3rd February, 1857. His mortal remains were conveyed to St. Petersburg, and laid in the monastery of St. Alexander Newsky, which is within the city walls. The Chorus of Imperial singers, whose *maître-de-chapelle* he was for some years, got up a solemn ceremony in remembrance of him. A few weeks later, the Philharmonic Society of St. Petersburg gave a concert in commemoration of him, at which only his compositions were performed. The stage was graced with his bust, surrounded and crowned with flowers."

In Germany, and generally in all countries but Russia, nothing of Glinka's has been printed up to the present time, principally for the reason that all his vocal compositions were composed to Russian words. But Herr B. Engelhardt, an intimate friend of the deceased, and Mad. L. Scheslakoff, Glinka's sister, have now commenced an edition of his works, published by C. F. W. Siegel, Leipsic (Bernard and Stollowsky, St. Petersburg).

Of this edition, there are now lying before us: *The First Collection of Songs*, seventeen in number, with German, French, and Italian words, translated from the Russian; edited by B. Engelhardt. Further: *Four Orchestral Works*, in score; 1. Overture to *Life for the Czar*, price one thaler and a half; the orchestral parts, three thalers. 2. Overture to *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, in score only (one thaler and a half). 3. *Capriccio brillant en Forme d'Ouverture sur le Thème de la Jota Aragonesa*, price one thaler and five-sixths. 4. *Souvenirs d'une Nuit d'Été à Madrid. Fantaisie pour Orchestre sur des Thèmes Espagnols*, score, one thaler and one-third.

We are thus enabled to pronounce an opinion founded on our own judgment of Glinka's Russian music, to which we shall shortly revert.

L. B.

MUSIC AT TURIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FEB. 24.—In England, the delights of the jovial season of Christmas—Harlequin and Columbine—the roguish freaks of the Clown, and the bewildered sufferings of the Pantaloon—are carried on through the greater part of Lent. Not so in Turin. Here, Lent puts the extinguisher on balls and *soirées*, and before March is far advanced, the principal theatres are closed—so that a man has to live on his wits, or on the enjoyment (!) of hearing indifferent music slovenly performed. As I have no wits to live upon, and can't say that I have any particular predilection for second-rate operas, I intend packing up my goods and chattels and returning to England; but, as it will perhaps be some little time before I am fairly under way, I will send you a short account of what has been going on in the musical world here since I last wrote.

The production of *Mosè* for the inauguration of the season at the Vittorio Emanuele was a step in the right direction on the part of the *impressario*, M. Meistreillet, and proved him to be one of those wise men who lay their foundations on a firm and solid basis. After *Mosè* had had a run of upwards of six weeks, the subscribers naturally considered themselves entitled to something new, before the close of the season; so the director, knowing that his patrons—who, by-the-bye, are anti-Verdi-ites—would welcome nothing in exchange for *Mosè*, more than an opera by the same composer, had recourse to the extensive *répertoire* of the Swan of Pesaro, and produced *Matilda di Shabran*. The selection of an opera by Rossini was to be commended, but I question whether *Guillaume Tell* would not have been more judicious, and more suitable to the principal artists of the *troupe*—indeed, with such a tenor as Carrion, its non-production was an oversight that I consider should be pointed out to the directors. However, *Matilda* contains some of the best and most charming music that Rossini ever wrote, and as the performance at the Vittorio Emanuele is little short of perfect, we should not grumble. The *prima donna*, Mdle. Marchisio, is *una buona cantatrice* of the Rossinian school, but she is so totally eclipsed by the admirable tenor, Carrion, that she becomes but a subject of minor importance. In this opera, Carrion has many more occasions of displaying the softness and suavity of his voice than in *Mosè*. Those who have heard this gentleman only in such parts as *Mosè*, *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, &c., where force and energy are the prevailing points, can have but little idea of the wonderful sweetness of his voice, and the delicacy with which he can sing. His rendering of the finale aria was extraordinary; his voice was as perfect and free from harshness as if he had not sung for nights. In addition to his many qualities which I have mentioned in my previous letters, he possesses one which deserves recording. His voice is of such a peculiar searching *timbre*, that without any visible effort his piercing notes soar above the harmonious tumult of the orchestra and chorus, thereby producing an effect which cannot be understood, unless heard. Some of his notes are quite as mellifluous as those of Giuglini, and, I really think, if there was not a Giuglini in the world, Sig. Carrion would be the legitimate successor of Rubini. Sig. Atry, though having but little to do, showed himself a consummate artist, and possessed of untiring energy. He exerted himself as strenuously in the long and trying concerted pieces as in his solos, and after his *scena* in the first act was recalled to receive the applause due to his talents and efforts to give satisfaction. In my last I forgot to mention that Swift is at the Nazionale, having replaced Castellani, who is gone no one seems to know where or wherefore. If his singing was a little more refined, and if he took greater pains to modulate his voice, which seems to me to be as ungovernable as when he first appeared in public, I should be inclined to think that he might become a good singer; but at present I cannot agree with the *Pirata* and other musical journals, that write in ecstasies about his lovely *simpatia* voice, his fine figure, his noble carriage, and other innumerable qualities, which, as yet, I cannot say that I have discovered. Of the operas in which he has sung—*Traviata*, *Lucia*, and *Attila*—the last I think is the most suited to his vigorous and energetic

style. *Attila* has had a great success this season; but though I am a "fanatico per la musica di Verdi," I do not greatly admire it. It is decidedly one of Verdi's weakest, and not likely to increase his reputation; but we should remember that it was one of his earliest, and must have been written when he was a very young man—when his genius was not fully developed—and before he had gained that knowledge of evoking and describing the deepest emotions of the human breast, which render most of his operas so surpassingly beautiful. Mdle. Scotti, who made her *début* at the commencement of the season in *La Traviata*, looked well in the garb of Odabella, and showed a decided improvement in her singing, but I must protest against the exaggerated accounts of the musical press, that make her at least a second Pasta.

At the Regio, which, by the bye, holds its head uncommonly low at present, *Macbeth* has been produced, with a *prima donna*, Mdle. Alaimo, who is supposed—of course only by the directors—equal to fill up the void caused in the *troupe* by the secession of Mesdames Moreau-Sainti, Lancia and Sanchioli. Mdle. Alaimo sang here for a few nights some years ago, with Baucharde, in *Il Trovatore*, and having then made a somewhat unusually favourable impression, was greeted on her entrance, the first night of *Macbeth*, with the highest enthusiasm, and the most unbounded tokens of ecstatic admiration, which were renewed frequently during the performance, and at the fall of the curtain with the *obligato accomp.* of an ovation of bouquets. Everyone here declares that her voice is unimpaired, and as fresh now as it was five years ago. If this be true, how she managed to make a *furor* I cannot understand, for it seems to me that her voice has departed this life. However, she is gifted with much histrionic ability, and is undoubtedly a tragic actress of the highest order. She does not imitate—she spurns stereotyped models of dramatic action and vocal artifice—which displays that individuality that characterises true and genuine talent. With the exception of an honorable mention of Signor Massimiliani, the less said of the performance of *Macbeth* the better, for it was little short of disgraceful; but notwithstanding this drawback, I confess, that I have attended several performances with pleasure.

Since I last wrote I have had the pleasure of hearing Madame Lancia. As she makes her *début* on the 27th, in the *Barbiere*, in the course of next week, if I am still here, I will send you a detailed account of her first appearance, and so until the public has pronounced its verdict on her talents I will not give you my private opinion.

A few nights ago "our" *prima donna* in high life was present at a grand ball at one of the principal clubs, and won the admiration of all present by her personal attractions and her extremely lady-like deportment. I ought to mention that a special exception to the general rule was made in her favour; as ladies in any way connected with the stage are usually considered undesirable society to the *noblesse* who attend these balls. In this the master of ceremonies showed his good taste, as there cannot be a doubt, but that it was due to her station in life to receive an invitation.

FEB. 28.—On Friday evening Madame Lancia made her *début* in the *Barbiere* with most signal success.

I must content myself now with sending you an extract from the two principal musical papers, but shall hope in a few days to give you a detailed account of her *début*.

The *Pirata* says:—

"La sera di Venerdì esordiva con gran successo al Teatro Rossini nel *Barbiere di Siviglia* la prima donna, Maria Lancia, giovane e avvenente* figlia d' Albione, segna scolara del Madame Micci, che coglierà senza dubbio, ricche corone sulle scene Italiane."

In another paper the event is alluded to thus:—

"Venerdì sera al Teatro Rossini andò in scena la Signora Lancia, Inglese, esordiente colla parte di Rosina nel *Barbiere*. Ha una bellissima voce, canta con garbo e fu applauditissima."

SIGNOR PERGETTI received from the Philharmonic Society of Bologna the academical diploma, with the title of Professor of Singing, after the examination of his new Treatise on the Art of Singing.

* *Anglice*—charming.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Monday evening Haydn's *Creation*, preceded by Dr. Elvey's royal birthday *Cantata*, was performed at Exeter Hall by the members of the London Sacred Harmonic Society. The principal vocalists were Miss E. Hughes, Miss Galloway, Mr. F. Dyson, and Mr. Lawler, all of whom were well acquainted with the oratorio. M. Tolbecque, led the band. Mr. Pettit, as principal violoncello, in accompanying the recitations, was of great assistance to the singers. Mr. Surman conducted.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In consequence of the triumphant success of the closing representations, and in order to accommodate the numbers who have been unable to obtain places, **THREE CONCLUDING PERFORMANCES** will be given on Tuesday, March 16; Thursday, March 18; and Saturday, March 20. They will be arranged as follows: Tuesday, March 16, *LA TRAVIATA*.—Violetta, Piccolomini; Alfredo, Glingini. Thursday, March 18, *IL TROVATORE*.—Leonora, Spezia; Azucena, Sannier; Manrico, Glingini. Saturday, March 20, *LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO*.—Maria, Piccolomini. Last Scene of *I MARTIRI*, comprising the celebrated duo by Mlle. Piccolomini and Signor Glingini. Prices.—Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Boxes (to hold four persons), Pit and One Pair, £2 2s.; Grand Tier, £3 3s.; Two Pair, £1 5s.; Three Pair, 15s.; Gallery Boxes, 10s.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s. The Box-office will be opened on Thursday, March 11. Places in the meantime may be secured by application to Mr. Fish, stage-door, Her Majesty's Theatre. No other representation can be possibly given before the commencement of the Summer Season.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, March 8th, 9th, and 10th, to commence at 7, with *THE LOVE CHASE*, in which **MISS AMY SEDGWICK** will appear as Constance; the Widow Green; by Mrs. Wilkins (her first appearance at this theatre); Lydia, Miss Bulmer (her first appearance at this theatre). After which the comedy of *PRESENTED AT COURT*, Geoffrey Wenderburne (his original character), Mr. Buckstone. Concluding with *SHOCKING EVENING*. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 11, 12, and 13, *THE HUNCHBACK*, in which **MISS AMY SEDGWICK** will sustain the character of Julia. And, for the **LAST THREE NIGHTS**, the new grand comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled *THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE SPITEFUL FAIRY*. The scenery by Mr. William Alcott Harlequin, Mr. Arthur Leclercq; Columbine, Miss Fanny Wright; Pantaloon, Mr. Mackay; Clown, Mr. Charles Leclercq; The Princess on her travels, Miss Louise Leclercq. **NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.**—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking), 6s. each. **FIRST PRICE.**—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. **SECOND PRICE.**—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON MONDAY and Friday, HAMLET; Tuesday and Thursday, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM; Wednesday and Saturday, LOUIS XI. And the Pantomime every Evening.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER*. After which *THE DOGE OF DURALTO*. To conclude with *BOOTS AT THE SWAN*. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, March 6th, **RORY O'MORE**, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. After which will be produced a new and original comic drama, entitled *YANKEE COURSHIP; OR, AWAY DOWN EAST*. To conclude with the successful original farce called *LATEST FROM NEW YORK*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. Second week of the engagement of the inimitable tragedian **MR. CHARLES DILLON**, Lessee of the Lyceum. Great excitement on Wednesday last, on his representation of Belphegor. He will have the honour of repeating the character this week, with Claude Melnotte in *THE LADY OF LYONS*. On Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, to commence with the original version of *ELIZA FENNING*, supported by the company. On Tuesday and Saturday, *BELPHEGOR*, in which Mr. Charles Dillon will appear with Mr. Barrett. On Friday, *THE LADY OF LYONS*, Claude Melnotte, Mr. Charles Dillon. To conclude with, on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, *THE ISLAND OF SILVER STORE*, with its new and beautiful scenery; on Friday and Saturday with *THE RATS OF RAT CASTLE*. On Tuesday the entertainments for *THE BENEFIT OF MRS. R. HONNER*. No advance in the prices during Mr. Charles Dillon's engagement.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRICKEL.—Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3, and every evening (except Saturday) at 8. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas, One Guinea and a-half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. S. (Glasgow).—1859, being the 100th anniversary of *Handel's death*.

FLAUTO.—*La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

RESIN must send his name and address.

H. F. (Nottingham).—Communication only just come to hand.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

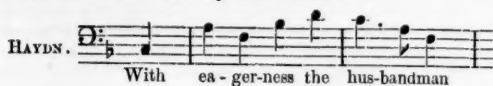
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1858.

"JUSTUS" has addressed us another letter, containing two more instances of alleged plagiarism on the part of Mr. Balfe. We produce them for no other reason than to protest altogether against the theory which our eager correspondent appears to entertain. We have a theory of our own about plagiarism, and with a little pains and research might apply it in such a manner as to prove the majority of composers thieves, and the most celebrated (Handel and Rossini for example) the greatest thieves of the community. But we should be sorry to lose time so unprofitably, and, we may add, so prejudicially to the interests of art. Every tune in the world has been made out of seven tones and six "accidentals;" and all the tunes that remain to be concocted must proceed from the same scanty materials. An entirely fresh and original melody is rare, now that the art has so far advanced, and that so many thousand melodies have been either ingeniously manufactured, or spontaneously created. But, in sober truth, while music without melody is impossible, melody without artistic arrangement can scarcely be regarded in the light of music. The greatest composers have no doubt been the most prolific of melodists; but this only proves that the gift of melody is inseparable from musical genius. There have been melodists who could lay no claim to be regarded as musicians; but, on the other hand, no great musician has ever existed who was not *prima facie* endowed with melodic invention.

Thus, it will be seen that we consider melody rather as a faculty of the human mind than as anything else. None will deny that Bellini wrote beautiful melodies—and yet, at the same time, none would think of comparing Bellini to Mozart—not because Mozart excelled Bellini as a melodist (which is indisputable), but because Mozart was a perfect artist, who, out of the melody that existed in his own time, created artistic works that are imperishable. Who knows where Handel got his melody?—and who cares? The *Messiah* and *Israel* are living now, a century since the death of their composer, not by any means on account of their melodies, but on account of their enormous merit as artistic creations. There is hardly a question but that the most renowned composers have looked upon the melody that prevailed in their day as common property, to which whoever might handle it best would give the best chance of immortality.

Let it not be thought that we are placing the author of *The Bohemian Girl* on a level with the renowned composers, or that we are attempting to make him the pivot upon which to turn any aesthetic argument with reference to art. We simply wish to insist that Mr. Balfe does neither more nor less than his superiors, availing himself to the best of his ability of the current melody of the hour. The charge of plagiarism levelled against him by "Justus" is hardly tenable. Leaving theory altogether, and appealing to naked facts, why should Mr. Balfe, any more than Signor Rossini (whose extraordinary genius and versatility no one

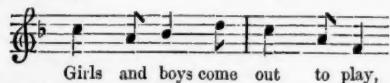
will dispute), be accused of borrowing from Haydn, with reference to the first example of presumed plagiarism put forth by our correspondent? It is true that the opening bars of the song from *The Creation* and the chorus from *The Bohemian Girl* are very much alike:—



—but from this point to the end the two compositions resemble each other in nothing. Signor Rossini is just as open to the accusation of pilfering as the Irish composer, and from the same source—witness the commencement of one of his most admired trios:—

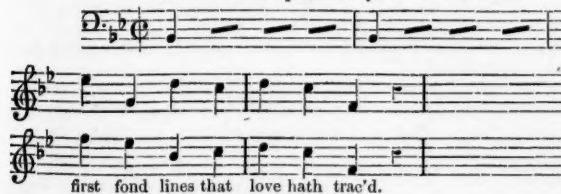
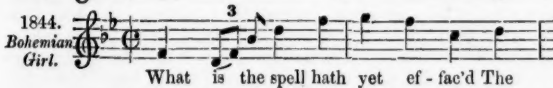
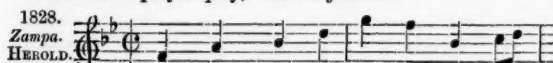


Penetrating further into the womb of time, we may dig up a very ancient tune—known to us English as “Girls and boys come out to play”—of which the primitive version begins thus:—



Change the 6-8 measure into 4-8, or 4-4, and we shall be able to fix the plagiarism upon “Papa Haydn,” who probably never heard the ancient tune in question, but who had a perfect right to make use of it, if it fell in his way. We are inclined to think, however, that Haydn did not know it. As for Rossini—one of the most careless and apathetic, as well as one of the most gifted of men—it may be accepted as a fact that, at the time of composing the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, he had never seen a score of *The Creation*;^{*} and with regard to Mr. Balfe, who shares more than one of Rossini's peculiarities, it may be accepted as equally a fact that, at the time of composing *The Bohemian Girl*, he no more thought of *The Creation* than of the *Pré Aux Clercs*.

To the second quotation of “Justus” even greater exceptions may be taken. Do, reader, contemplate curiously, and “with anxious polypscopty,” the subjoined:—



* Such works were utterly ignored by the Italians, at the epoch alluded to, who are not much better acquainted with them now.

What matters the beginning of a tune? We forget the remainder, both of Hérol's and of Mr. Balfe's melody; but we adventure to guess that the two are wholly unlike after the first four bars.

WHEN one has been for a long time in a company where nothing but absurdity is uttered, how refreshing is it to stumble upon a person, who makes something like a sensible remark!

Within the last few weeks we have been compelled to gulp down rubbish by the pageful on the subject of the drama, and were beginning to vow that we would never again cast eyes on any dissertation whatever written on a theme now become so utterly detestable. However, about a couple of days ago, we took in our hands the last number of Mr. Dickens's “Household Words,” and there, under the head “Dramatic Grub Street,” we found so extremely sensible a paper, that the vow, which we can hardly call rash, died away on our lips, and the truth was revealed to us that it is possible for a man to write a paper on the decline of the drama, without being an insufferable “bore.”

The paper in question consists of two letters. Of these the first is from Mr. Reader to Mr. Author. Mr. Reader, in good round terms, complains that the English drama of the present day is far inferior to every other species of literary produce, and asks Mr. Author why the same amount of intellect is not expended on the composition of plays as on the composition of novels. At the theatres of Paris Mr. Reader sees dramatic works written by the same men who have delighted him in his study. In London, if he stops in his library, he holds intercourse with the minds of Dickens, Thackeray, Brontë; but if he goes to the theatre, he merely witnesses the productions of Tom Plagiary and Charley Construe, which are by no means exponents of the intellect of the nineteenth century. Mr. Reader is puzzled as well as vexed, and he asks Mr. Author, as an experienced man, to state the cause of this “great social evil.”

So far there is nothing wonderful; but the fact that in the second letter, addressed to Mr. Reader by Mr. Author, the latter speaks like a sensible man is truly marvellous. He does not say that the play produced on a given evening is bad on account of the criticisms contained in the newspapers of the day following. He does not declare that comedy has gone to the dogs because some brilliant lady, poor in talent, is wealthy in point-lace. He does not consider scenic decoration the ruin of tragedy; nay, he leaves unanswered Mr. Reader's assertion that he has a “great respect” for “gorgeous scenic revivals of old plays, because they offer to sensible people the only decent substitute for genuine dramatic novelty to be met with at the present time.” He does not even attribute the sickly state of dramatic literature to the non-production of his own tragedy. Various as are the forms of nonsense and vanity, he does not avail himself of one. He admits that the drama has declined, and he assigns a cause. Now, what cause *does* he assign?

The smallness of the remuneration that even a successful author could obtain if he devoted his energies to the production of works for the stage. There is the reason given by Mr. Author for the state of things that has excited the grief of Mr. Reader! It is a very prosaic reason, and, strange to say, it is correct. Nearly the whole letter of Mr. Author is devoted to the establishment of the fact, that the dramatic author is infinitely worse paid than the novelist, and the consequent fact that the man of inventive

genius will rather work for a publisher than a manager. In 1803, when an exceptional success brought £22,000 to the theatre, the successful author received £1,200. In 1858, when a success, similarly exceptional, brings £11,000 to the theatre, the successful author gets £300, whereas, according to the "Rule of Three," he ought to have £600.

Here, then, is a proximate cause of the wretched state of our dramatic literature. But what further cause lies in the background? Why is the tariff of remuneration so low? Why is not the manager compelled by the failure of rubbish to give high prices for the production of something good? To this question Mr. Author has his answer: "The increase of wealth and population, and the railway connection between London and the country, more than supply in quantity, what audiences have lost in quality. Not only does the manager lose nothing in the way of profit—he absolutely gains by getting a vast nightly majority into his theatre, whose ignorant insensibility nothing can shock."

The whole thing lies in a nutshell. The best men will not write for the theatres because the managers will not pay them enough, and the managers will not pay enough because the theatrical public is just as well satisfied with inferior fare as it would be with more costly viands. In a word, a certain state of the popular mind, to be accounted for in different ways, is the cause of the decline of the drama.

Really, Mr. Author, you are a terrible foe to those of your craft who write laborious essays in magazines and reviews. What will become of the luckless scribes who cover sheet after sheet with twaddle, if you state the whole truth of a case within the limits of half-a-dozen pages? Properly whipped up into froth, and adorned with a score or two of fallacies, the matter of your brief letter would have procured many an honest gentleman a life annuity. Live and let live, Mr. Author.

M. OULIBICHEFF, the celebrated author of the *Life and Works of Mozart*, the *History of Music up to the Period of Mozart*, and *Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs*, died on February 3rd, at Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, where he for many years resided.

ANOTHER CONSPIRACY-TO-MURDER BILL.—The recent performance of *Macbeth* at Her Majesty's Theatre.

STALEYBRIDGE.—The Philharmonic Society gave a concert, on Wednesday evening, and engaged Signora Fumagalli and Mr. Charles Braham as vocalists. The band played the overtures to *Il Barbiere* and *La Sirène*. The chorus sang several glees and part-songs, and, except in one or two instances, were steady and correct. The performances of the solo vocalists may be characterised as a series of "encores." Signora Fumagalli commenced with Wallace's "Gipsy Maid," and, being encoored, gave "Ah fors'è lui." She was also encoored in the "Convent Cell," and sang in its place, "La Zingara," composed for her by Signor Vianesi. Mr. Charles Braham was called upon to repeat "The Death of Nelson," when he introduced his new song, "Havelock." He was honoured with a similar compliment in the duet, "All's well," with Signor De Giorgi, and also in the duet, "Parigi, o cara," with Signora Fumagalli. The attendance was numerous, and the gratification universal.

LEEDS.—On Saturday last, Mr. Delavanti, the popular buffo singer, gave his annual benefit in the Leeds Music Hall, before a full audience. The performers, beside Mr. Delavanti, were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, and Mr. Wilson; Mr. Spark was the accompanist. Mrs. Sunderland was encoored in Bellini's "Why my harp," Miss Newbound in "Juanita" and "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," and Mr. Delavanti, in "Alonzo the brave."—Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton, gave a "People's Night" at the Stock Exchange Hall on Saturday, when a large number of persons were unable to gain admission. In consequence of this success, another cheap performance will be given to-night (Saturday) by the talented couple.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRÉES.

THE third and last of the present series was of the same calibre as its predecessors, exhibiting the same interesting variety, and the same admirable perfection of execution. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

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| Sonata in D major, pianoforte and violin (No. 7) | |
| —Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sinton | Mozart. |
| Grand Sonata in A flat (Op. 39)—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard | Weber. |
| Fuga Scherzando (first time in public), and Preludio con Fuga, in A minor (from Book 9 and Book 4 of F. C. Griepenkerl's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of Bach")—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard | J. S. Bach. |

PART II.

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|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| Grand Sonata in E major (Op. 109)—pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard | Beethoven. |
| Grand Trio in C minor (No. 2), pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sinton, and M. Paque | Mendelssohn. |

The sonata in D major is another genuine inspiration of Mozart, which Miss Arabella Goddard, whose library of classical music seems inexhaustible, may claim the merit of rescuing from undeserved neglect. Ordinary pianists seem to imagine that the great composer of *Don Giovanni* only wrote three sonatas for piano and violin (the well-known B flat, E flat, and A); but Miss Goddard is better informed. Unlike those many who, satisfied with the mere possession of a valuable library, know nothing of its contents, she not merely owns the books, but reads them, and makes herself thoroughly acquainted with all the information they contain. Here, for example, is a sonata by Mozart, which forms a part of every complete edition of his works, which is worthy of the master, and is, nevertheless, scarcely ever looked at. This is not a mere *article de vertu*, curious on account of its binding, and interesting on account of its date, but a work of art for all time, just as beautiful now as when it was first produced, and just as fresh and genial. Like its equally slighted companion (in F) of the previous concert, the sonata in D (played by Miss Goddard and M. Sinton with a kindred feeling for the author which imparted to his divine music its amplest charm) enraptured the audience. The source is not by any means exhausted, as Miss Goddard is well aware; and her admirers will look forward to other sonatas of Mozart for piano and violin, which deserve no less the consideration that of later days they have failed to encounter.

Weber's sonata in A flat is by many degrees the finest of the four great works of the same class which the gifted author of *Der Freischütz* dedicated to the pianoforte. Genius breathes in every bar of this truly enchanting work, which, while as characteristic of Weber as anything that ever proceeded from his pen, unites the luxuriant melody of the South to the deeply-coloured harmony, ingenious contrivance, and romantic expression of the veritable Teutonic music. The first and last movements are *chef-d'œuvres*; while the *andante* and *scherzo*, if not remarkable for the same amount of artistic finish, bear the stamp of an originality that is indisputable, and the evidences of a style that cannot be mistaken. This sonata taxes severely the powers of the most accomplished performer; but like all the rest of her *bibliothèque*, Miss Goddard had got it so completely in her head, in her heart, and in her fingers, that she delivered it with as much natural grace and spontaneity as if it had been an improvisation.

To John Sebastian Bach was again awarded the place of honour, and again was the place of honour occupied with a dignity which only the Leipsic patriarch can assume. Notwithstanding this attribute, so inseparable from Bach, there is in the *fuga scherzando* (another gem long buried in oblivion), an air of romance which might rather have been anticipated in Beethoven than in the author of the *Passions* and the *Clavier bien Tempéré*. But in spite of the conventional trammels to which it was subjected, the genius of Bach was universal, and his imagination unlimited. Between the *scherzando* and the famous fugue in

the same key (A minor)—which all learned musicians acknowledge to be the most masterly as well as the most difficult that ever proceeded from his pen—there is a whole world; and too lofty an estimate can hardly be entertained of the man who could contrive and accomplish both. Of Miss Goddard's playing in Bach's music there is but one opinion. It never was and never can be surpassed for neatness, fluency, energy, and point—to say nothing of a certain primitive simplicity ("innate and to the manner born"—to use an over-used quotation), which confers a grace and youth on the oldest masters not less charming than indefinable.

Of Beethoven's truly marvellous sonata (Op. 109), one of the most individual of all the latest efforts of the most essentially poetical of musicians, and of Miss Goddard's incomparable performance, we spoke more than once last year in appropriate terms of eulogy. If possible, both the work and its interpretation by the young pianist gained by a fresh hearing. The unapproachable Beethoven stood in no need of the compliment; but we are gratified in being able so conscientiously to award it to his gifted interpreter.

The fiery and impetuous trio of Mendelssohn, played to perfection, brought the third concert and the first series (a second is announced) to an end in a triumphant manner. The audience were enthusiastic about all the pieces, the fugues of Bach creating nothing short of a "furore."

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The second concert of the regular season took place on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The following was the programme:—

PART I.			
Symphony in B flat, No. 9	Haydn.		
Duet, "Di conforto" (La Vestale), Miss Griffith and Miss E. Griffith	Mercadante.		
Selection (La Traviata), with solos for oboe and cornet-à-piston, Mr. A. A. Pollock and Mr. H. E. Tatham	Verdi.		
Lied, "Grüner Frühling kehre'n," Mr. E. Gordon	H. Esser.		
Cleather			
Overture (Ginevra, or the Plague of Florence)	Frank Mori.		
M.S. Opera			
PART II.			
Concerto in A, No. 2, pianoforte, Mr. S. W. Waley	Mozart.		
Cantata, "Adelaide," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather	Beethoven.		
Duet, "Le Zingare," Miss Griffith and Miss E. Griffith	Gabussi.		
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.		
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.			

The Symphony, one of Haydn's brightest, is just the kind suited to the amateurs, for, although it is occasionally tripping, there are no passages in it that the band ought not to overcome, if they pay proper attention to their conductor. Besides it is well known, and must have been played by all the members in quintet arrangement. We were, therefore, not unprepared to find a far better performance than could possibly be given by the Society of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, which, as our readers are aware, was the orchestral giant at the first concert. Oh, ye amateurs, why will ye attempt music beyond the reach of any orchestra save one of first-rate character, when there are so many works well adapted to your calibre? and why force yourselves into comparisons which cannot but prove unpleasant? True, that you can say behind your desks, "Oh, we are not professors; we only play for our own amusement." But you well know how proud you are of fiddling away in the presence of so many bright specimens of the fair sex, and how fine you deem your own performances. Now, do take advice from those who have always been your supporters,—who have looked on with the greatest interest to your proceedings as conducive to a better and more extended knowledge of that sweet art which occupies so many of your spare moments, and do select works the difficulties of which you have some chance of overcoming. We wish you well, for you can be of much use in your generation.

In the selection, Messrs. A. A. Pollock and Tatham acquitted themselves to the unbounded satisfaction of the audience, play-

ing in excellent style the solos allotted to them. An unfortunate slip in the last movement of the selection marred a really creditable performance.

Never have we heard Mr. S. W. Waley to greater advantage than in the charming concerto of Mozart. He played in a manner far more steady than we ever remember to have heard him on any previous occasion, and fairly deserved the loud applause which greeted him at the end of the concerto.

The band took every pains to assist their talented *confrère*, and accompanied exceedingly well. We must not, however, omit to mention the brilliant cadenza Mr. Waley introduced in the first movement.

The overtures could not go so well as the other orchestral pieces, being full of complicated and difficult passages, and requiring many more rehearsals than could be given. Suffice it to say, that we hear Mr. Mori was well pleased with the way in which his overture was played, and that the audience were pleased with it.

The vocal music was good. Two young ladies, the Misses Griffith, sang duets in a style simple, musicianly, and effective. In "Di conforto" they were loudly encored; but in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Cleather, they had kindly consented to sing a third duet, as some one in authority explained to the audience, and the encore was not insisted upon. In order more completely to fill up the gap consequent upon Mr. Cleather's absence, Mr. Leslie laid violent hands upon four of his choir, who were in the room, and they sang Hutton's "When evening's twilight," which so well pleased that they gave Cooke's glee, "Strike, strike the lyre."

In spite of the inclement weather, the room was filled with a brilliant company.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

MR. HULLAH has been more than usually industrious of late. At his last oratorio performance (Feb. 24) we had reason to note a considerable advance in the general execution of *Elijah*, and especially with regard to some of the more delicate of the choruses. Mr. Santley gave us no occasion to modify the opinion we have already expressed of his *Elijah*. Mrs. Street (a *débutante*) is not yet equal to "Hear ye Israel;" but, both here and elsewhere, in the second part of the oratorio, she evinced confidence, and a voice which requires strengthening, but may be made serviceable if put to good uses. Miss Palmer was the *contralto*; and Miss Fanny Rowland undertook the *soprano* music of the first part. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice, and his admirable execution of the air, "Then shall the righteous," was the most enthusiastic of the three "encores" of the evening (the other two being awarded, as usual, to "Lift thine eyes," and "O rest in the Lord"). Mr. E. J. Hopkins was at the organ. The hall was crammed.

Two more "Orchestral Concerts" have also taken place. At the third concert (Feb. 23), the *Jupiter* symphony was very well played on the whole; and contrary to precedent (but consistently with Mozart's indications), the second part of the *finale* was gone through twice, as well as the first. The overtures were *Melusina* and *Le Cheval de Bronze*. Auber's sparkling prelude went well, of course; but Mendelssohn's more difficult composition left much to desire. Mr. Blagrove played Kalliwoda's fourth concertino admirably; and a so-called *Trio Espagnole* (which might be appropriately denominated "Twaddle") was effectively performed by Messrs. George Russell (pianoforte), Nicholson (oboe), and Hausser (bassoon). The vocal music was entrusted to Misses Banks and Fanny Rowland, who sang one of the duets of Clari; Miss Palmer, who treated the audience to Zingarelli's "Ombra adorata" (of which the merits have always eluded our observations), besides joining the other ladies in a very pretty trio—"Le Spagnole"—by Sig. Pinsuti; and Herr Deck, who sang "In dissen heiligen Hallen" capitally, but the grand air of Mephistophiles, from Spohr's *Faust*, somewhat tamely. The hall was by no means full.

At the fourth concert (March 2), the programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture (Euryanthe)—Weber. Aria, "Glöcklein im Thale" (Euryanthe)—Weber. Grand Scena, "Medora"—H. Smart. Symphony in B flat, No. 4—Beethoven.

PART II.—Concerto, violoncello—Servais. Song, "I arise from dreams of thee"—Hullah. Andante (Midsummer Night's Dream)—Mendelssohn. Duetto, "Quel sepolcro" (Agnes)—Paer. Overture (Die Zauberflöte)—Mozart.

The symphony would have been irreproachable but for the *finale*, which was taken so quick that many passages become simply impossible to the violoncellos and double-basses; while the *staccato* of the famous bassoon point was not even hinted at (how could it be?) by Mr. Hausser. The overtures both went well, but the *Zauberflöte* would have been better a little slower. In Mendelssohn's *nocturno* the horn-playing of Mr. Standen elicited general praise. M. Servais' concerto is absolute rubbish; but Mr. Collins played it very skilfully. As, however, Mr. Horatio Chipp was principal violoncello at the first concert, we think Mr. Hullah should have given that gentleman the chance of displaying his powers as a soloist before the public. Many amateurs are very anxious to hear Mr. Chipp in Herr Molique's concerto, which he is said to have mastered completely. We are quite sure that Signor Piatti would not object.

Mr. Henry Smart conducted his own *scena*, which Miss Dolby, for whom it was expressly written, sang very finely. It is a composition of great merit, and was enthusiastically applauded by the audience, who, long as it is, were anxious to hear it again. Mr. Hullah's setting of Shelley's beautiful stanzas was done every justice to by Mr. Santley, and met with unanimous favour. Paer's duet was extremely well sung by Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley; but in the air from *Euryanthe*, the intonation of the lady was not always satisfactory. Miss Kemble must labour hard to get rid of the tendency to "sharpen" on the higher notes, which so much damages the effect of her singing.

Mr. Hullah directed both concerts with his accustomed zeal and discretion.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

The fifth concert, with one or two exceptions, was admirable. All the important pieces were given to the first part, of which the Psalm of Mendelssohn, "Hear my prayer, O God," and Mozart's Motet ("Ave Merum") were the principal features. The Anthem of Farrant, "Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake," and the Anthem of Reynolds, "My God, my God, look upon me," were unworthy of such fellowship, the latter more especially. Mendelssohn's Psalm is that in which Jenny Lind sang some two years ago at Exeter Hall. Miss Hemming, who took the soprano solos, has a good voice and promises well. Mozart's Motet, though short, is difficult, but was sung on the whole exceedingly well. The above four pieces, with Mr. Henry Smart's lovely part-song "Ave Maria," constituted the first part of the selection—all sacred. The "Ave Maria" was delightfully given, and encored with acclamations.

The second part presented some novelties. These were Mr. G. Lake's part song, "Dream the dream that's sweetest"—a pretty composition, modelled on Mendelssohn's serenade, "O hills, O vales;" a four-part song, "I love my love in the morning," by Mr. G. B. Allen—tuneful and sparkling, though somewhat difficult for the voices; and Mr. Henry Leslie's choral song, "O gentle sleep"—one of his best contributions to the choir, and which will be heard to greater advantage when more perfectly executed. The first two were encored amid some opposition. Among the best performances we may mention Waelrent's fine madrigal, "Hard by a fountain," which has a crust on it like old port; Webbe's hearty glee, "The mighty conqueror of hearts;" and Mendelssohn's serenade, "Slumber, dearest," and part-song, "All those whom Providence," both for male voices, and both exquisite specimens of their kind. Mr. Leslie's "Bridal song" was repeated. The concert ended cheerfully with Pearsall's "Who shall win my lady fair," which was encored.

St. Martin's Hall—where Mr. Henry Leslie now seems to have pitched his tent definitively—was crowded in every part, and the audience delighted beyond measure.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The cheap season was brought to a termination on Saturday with *Il Trovatore* and the ballet-divertissement *L'Hymenée*. So great, however, has been the success of the extra nights—more especially of the last four, when crowds were turned away from the doors—that yet another three extraordinary performances are announced to take place on the 16th, 18th, and 20th instant.

The events of the past brief and unexpected season were the revival of *La Sonnambula*, and the introduction on the Italian stage, for the first time in England, of Mr. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Both were received favorably, and the singing of Signor Giuglini, in the last-named opera, universally lauded. Neither of these works, however, superseded the popularity of the old repertory of the favorite prima donna and tenor, and consequently *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the *Figlia del Reggimento*.

Mr. Lumley is in Italy making arrangements for the ensuing campaign—the legitimate season—which will in all probability commence on Easter Tuesday. Engagements of "great interest," we are told, are pending. Certainly something more than usually striking and novel is to be anticipated, when the high prices are demanded. Those who did not hesitate to pay half-a-guinea to hear Mdle. Piccolomini and Sig. Giuglini, will assuredly look for something additional to the late performances, if not something better, when the charges are double. If Mr. Lumley had no consideration beyond that of putting money in his purse, he would keep the theatre open at reduced prices all the year round. Perhaps the aristocratic subscribers would not be pleased at the admission of the "rabble" into their high temple; but the exchequer would be benefited, and the manager might laugh at all opposition.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The revival of *Louis XI.* at the Princess's Theatre is the important theatrical event of the day. In vain shall we seek among other establishments for a character more thoroughly conceived and more admirably finished than the *Louis* of Mr. Charles Kean. On this especial impersonation has the actor clearly set his whole heart; he revels in the demoniac "fun," he allows his own soul to thrill with the craven fear that is the monarch's weakest side; he submits himself to all the details of corporeal dissolution. Never was reality in art more completely attained. The complicated emotions by which the king is swayed—and never was web more intricate—are not merely depicted, they are actually brought into play before the eyes of the spectator, and *Louis XI.*, after the model designed by Casimir Delavigne, is once more a living man. Nor should we omit to mention the care with which all the minor parts are sustained, and the judgment with which they are employed for the production of the general effect. This excellence of *ensemble* is to be attributed not to the merit of the individual artists, but to the strict discipline that is always maintained at the Princess's Theatre. Nothing is more fatal to dramatic art than a lax system of government, and this truth is thoroughly understood by Mr. Charles Kean. Hence, of whatever elements his company is composed, it is sure to make a good figure at night, when he himself is on the apex of the pyramid.

THEATRICAL MEMS.—Miss Amy Sedgwick appeared as Julia in the *Hunchback*, on Monday night, at the Haymarket Theatre, for the first time in London. This young lady, with unusual aspiration, has alternated the parts of Miss Helen Faucit and Mrs. Nisbett—the tragic and comic muse, in short—and has found staunch and ardent admirers in both. We remember no actress besides Miss Amy Sedgwick who has personated Beatrice and Julia with equal success. The *Love Chase* will be performed on Monday, with Mrs. Wilkins as the Widow Green, for the first time. The lady, we believe, is the relict of the late eminent Queen's Counsel.—Miss Helen Faucit performed her popular part, Pauline Deschappelles, in *The Lady of Lyons*, on Thursday night

at the Lyceum, Mr. Charles Dillon being Claude Melnotte. The lady was overwhelmed with plaudits, and played, to our thinking, as finely as ever. No actress has been able to approach Miss Helen Faucit in this character, any more than any actor has been able to approach Macready in Claude Melnotte—although the active manager of the Great National Standard Theatre triumphantly announces Mr. Charles Dillon as the “eminent tragedian who has been universally acknowledged to be the most natural and powerful actor that has appeared since the days of Edmund Kean.” What will Mr. James Anderson’s reply to this be? Mr. Douglass should not forget that he may once more require the services of Mr. James Anderson, and that he cannot then with decency transfer the Dillon enconium to another tragedian, whereby he will be non-plussed in his advertising. Mr. Charles Dillon has accepted an engagement at the National Standard to play twice a week.—Miss Goddard—the “celebrated tragedienne,” as announced in the bills—appeared at the Surrey Theatre on Monday night, as Lucrezia in an English version of Victor Hugo’s *Lucrezia Borgia*. The piece is almost identical with the libretto of Donizetti’s popular opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Two or three scenes of the original play, however, are introduced, the most striking of which is the last scene, in the Negroni palace, where the young Venetian noblemen are feasting, when, after the lights go out, as in the opera, a file of black-gowned monks enter, each monk bearing a taper, and after Lucrezia announces to the revellers that they are all poisoned, the doors of the saloon open, and a dimly lighted room covered with black cloth is seen within, and coffins to the number of the condemned are ranged round a huge crucifix. This scene, we believe, first retained in the opera, was prohibited on the Continent, and was never restored in this country. Miss Goddard has a good deal of talent, but the grandeur, power and demoniac spirit of Lucrezia Borgia is immeasurably beyond her means. She was most happy in the scenes with Gennaro, in which her acting was really natural and touching. Of the ambition, boldness, and daring of Lucrezia Borgia, however, she gave no indication, and should turn her attention to more feminine characters, in which we have little doubt of her success.

MR. HENRY K. MORLEY has been appointed organist of the parish church of St. Alphage, Greenwich. There were thirty-six applicants for the situation. Mr. Morley is at present organist of St. John’s Church, Blackheath, and was formerly of St. Germain’s Chapel.

NOTTINGHAM.—The first of the series of Gentlemen’s Subscription Concerts of Chamber Music took place on Friday evening the 23rd of January, and the second and third on the 5th and 19th ult., at the Assembly Rooms. The programmes of the first and second concerts have reached us, and we print them *in extenso*, as showing that good music is not confined to the metropolis and some of the great provincial cities, but that everywhere an appreciation for the works of the great masters is manifesting itself, and that Nottingham is not behind-hand. The programmes were as follows:—

FIRST CONCERT.—Part 1.—Quartet in G (Emperor), two violins, tenor, and violoncello—Haydn. Sonata in F, for violin and pianoforte—Beethoven.—Part 2.—Quartet in C minor (No. 4, Op. 18), two violins, tenor, and violoncello—Beethoven. Grand Trio, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Weber.

SECOND CONCERT.—Part 1.—Quartet, No. 2, in D minor, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello—Mozart. Grand sonata, in A, Op. 47 (Kreutzer), for violin and pianoforte—Beethoven.—Part 2.—Quartet, in D, Op. 44, No. 1, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello—Mendelssohn. Grand trio, in D minor (Op. 49), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mendelssohn.

At the third concert Beethoven’s Quintet in F was performed, and a sonata for piano and violoncello. The performers were Mr. Henry Farmer, first violin; Mr. Praeger, second ditto; Mr. Shimmella, viola; Mr. Thomas Selby, violoncello; and Mr. Sheldermine, piano. The features of the first two concerts were the C minor quartet of Beethoven, and the D minor quartet (No. 44) of Mendelssohn, both of which were finely played. The meetings, including a series of six, take place every alternate Friday.

MAD. VIARDOT AT BERLIN.

(Continued from page 108.)

THE *Gazette Nationale* writes as follows:—

“ In the *maestria* of technical skill, Mad. Viardot surpasses all vocal artists we have ever heard.”

(Here follow a number of instances proving the correctness, the purity, the flexibility, the expressiveness, the fancy, the musical knowledge, and the perfect art of the fair singer.)

In the columns of the *Gazette de Voss*, February 2nd, Herr Rellstab is again enthusiastic:—

“Meyerbeer’s *Prophète*, and, we must add, the great artist whose arrival we have warmly welcomed, had filled the theatre, to the very last place, at double prices. It is a very great and very unusual pleasure to follow an artist not only in a part generally, but syllable by syllable, when her certainty, delicacy and, in a word, her *sovereignty* are not interrupted for a moment, and not the smallest particle of the composer’s intentions escapes her or anyone else. Criticism clings to this continuous thread of interest. On her appearance, Mad. Viardot received a salute of honour from the public, and merited it directly afterwards. The *duettino* which brings out the two characters of Fides and Bertha was a splendid gem of execution, for the presence of a great artist always raises others a degree. Our guest was herself raised much higher in the *arioso*, ‘Ah! mon fils!’ Everywhere she proved she was as great a painter on a large scale as we have formerly asserted her to be of delicate miniatures. Hers is the true, grandiose historical style. The singer frequently touches your heart’s core by a noble and simple trait, by a natural and feeling gesture, by a stroke of genius. The culminating point of the part is in the scene of the church; the malediction was given with the greatest *maestria*, both vocal and dramatic. Here especially the artist painted in a historical style; she exhibited in every passage incomparable freedom, precision and force, with a mimic and plastic power full of burning life. The grand air of the fifth act was the triumph of her extraordinary singing. Her success was as great as the talent displayed.”

To be continued.

PARIS.—“The *début* of Mdlle. Artot,” says M. Berlioz, in the *Journal des Débats*, “was very successful, and everything leads us to believe that her engagement at the opera will prove one of the most sensible acts of the management. The young lady possesses a *mezzo soprano* of exquisite beauty, strong and soft at the same time, extremely sympathetic, and flexible; well trained in all the difficulties of vocalisation, and distinguished by a quality which, in my eyes, is inestimable—unvarying and irrefragable correctness. The character of Fides contains certain parts written for a contralto, and necessarily too low for the *débutante*, but everything that lies above this register (a register so powerful in the case of Mad. Viardot, who created the part) is admirably adapted to the voice of Mdlle. Artot. The florid divisions of the first duet, between Bertha and Fides, were dashed off by the two artists with a vigour and certainty of intonation such as we have seldom an opportunity of applauding. Mdlle. Artot possesses, for we must mention everything, a faculty, or natural gift, highly esteemed by a great many persons: she executes a shake with provoking perfection, no apparent effort or tremulousness interfering with its effect. Hers is a real *pearly* shake. May she never abuse the gift! Moreover, she enjoys the advantage, much despised by other people, of being a good musician—of being a *virtuosa* on the piano—of knowing how to read! The daughter of one of the most distinguished musical artists of Brussels, Mdlle. Artot, has breathed a musical atmosphere from her birth. This is apparent in the certainty of her execution on the stage; there is never any incertitude in her manner of attacking the phrases, never any rhythmical vagueness; her voice is always developed without effort, and always according to the true conditions of art; in addition to this, there are never any exaggerated cries or accentuation. Hers is a *mezzo-soprano*, which does not aspire to descend, that is all; it will, on the contrary, we think, soon gain an extent in the upper notes which must infallibly place it among the finest sopranos of the day. Mdlle. Artot acted without embarrassment, and in a discreet, reserved manner, the scene in the temple. Her success became something brilliant in the air: ‘Comme un éclair,’ where she was enabled to give a spirited sample of her vocal

skill. Three or four rounds of applause greeted the conclusion of the air, and thus stamped the success of the *débutante*.

BERLIN.—"To speak frankly, we were uneasy about Madame Viardot's Rosina; uneasy from the recollections of fifteen years. The heart of an old critic is a stone pyramid, filled with the mummies of the Pharaohs of art. Imagine our surprise on beholding a Rosina that appeared to step out from the fountain of youth; a Rosina of sixteen. Ought we not to attribute to genius the virtues of this same fountain? Not only has the great artist's singing remained as fine and charming as it was in her younger days, but it has become more beautiful, younger, and more charming. Yes, singing, acting, and appearance—miraculous to say—have become more charming and more beautiful. If ever there was an opportunity of admiring the triumph of art over nature it was certainly on this occasion. An artist placed so high by her genius and her *maestria* can only receive from our great admiration the praise of equalling the Greek sculptor. In fact, she ennobles and renders divine the features even of the Fates and the Gorgon. It is thus she has created, by the genius of her art, the most admirable Rosina we ever saw; a Rosina who would have aroused the painter Zeuxis from the death inflicted by his Hecuba."

With reference to *Norma*, the same journal goes on to say:—"Scarcely had we heard the 'Casta Diva,' before we recognised the greatest, the most complete, and the most glorious of Mad. Pauline Viardot's creations. Not one of the other Normas we ever heard rose to such grandeur in her acting, or such *maestria* in her singing; not Grisi, who did not possess the same amount of dramatic genius; nor Jenny Lind, who appeared not to understand that this priestess of the moon could become a terrible Hecate. Jenny Lind had but one kind of passion, that of a smiling girl's song. Grisi's and Jenny Lind's *Norma* melted down into one would not reach the level of Mad. Viardot's *Norma*. She alone imparts to the character the consecration of tragedy—she alone sings like a druidess, and exhales the spirit of hatred and vengeance felt by her people against Rome, their oppressor."—(Translated from "Die Zeit" of Feb. 20th.)

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